The Actors Names.

The Duke of *Venice.*
Morochus, a Prince, and a Sutor to *Portia.*
The Prince of *Aragon*, Sutor alſo to *Portia.*
Baſſanio, an Italian Lord, Sutor likewiſe to *Portia.*
Anthonio, a Merchant of *Venice.*
Salarino,
Salanio, } Gentlemen of *Venice*, and Companions with *Baſſanio.*
Gratiano,
Lorenſo,
Shylock, the rich Iew, and Father of *Ieſſica.*
Tuball, a Iew, *Shilocks* Friend.
Portia, the rich Italian Lady.
Nerriſſa, her wayting-Gentlewoman.
Ieſſica, Daughter to *Shylock.*
Gobbo, an old man, father to *Lancelot.*
Lancelot Gobbo the Clowne.
Stephano, a Meſſenger.
Iaylor, and Attendants.

The Comicall Hiſtory of th
chant of *Venice.*

Enter *Anthonio*, *Salarino*, and *Salan*

Anth. IN ſooth I know not why I am
It wearies me, you ſay it wear
But how I caught it, found it, o
What ſtuffe tis made of, where
I am to learne:
And ſuch a want-wit ſadneſſe makes of me,
That I have much adoe to know my ſelfe.
Salar. Your mind is toſſing on the Ocean,
There where your Argoſies with portly ſayle,
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the Sea,
Doe over-peere the pettie-traffiquers,
That courſie to them doe them reverence,
As they flie by them with their woven vvings.
Salan. Beleeve me ſir, had I ſuch venture forth
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſſe to know where ſits the vvin
Prying in Maps for Ports, and Peeres, and Rodes:
And every object that might make me feare
Miſ-fortunes to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me ſad.
Salar. My vvind cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a vvind too great might doe at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandie houre-glaſſe runne,
But I ſhould thinke of Shallowes and of Flatts,
And ſee my vvealthy *Andrew* docks in ſand,
Vayling her high top lower then her ribs,